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## Terrible Calamity in San Francisco.

**Earthquake and Fire Destroyed Nearly Half the City of the Golden Gate—Seismic Disturbance Caused Buildings all Over the City to Crash Down, Crushing to Death Many Occupants—Buildings Dynamited in Effort to Check Flames—Property Loss Over Two Hundred Millions—Many Thousands Now Homeless and Destitute, Depending on the Authorities for Food and Shelter—Thieves Shot Down by Troops.**

San Francisco, April 18.—Earthquake and fire to-day have put nearly half of San Francisco in ruins. At least 200 persons have been killed, a thousand injured, and the property loss will exceed one hundred million dollars. Thousands are homeless and destitute, and all day long streams of people have been fleeing from the stricken districts to places of safety. It was at 5:13 this morning when a terrific earthquake shock shook the whole city and surrounding country. One shock apparently lasted two minutes, and there was almost immediate collapse of flimsy structures all over the city. The water supply was cut off and when fires broke out in various sections there was nothing to do but let the buildings burn. Telegraph and telephone communication was shut off for a time. The Western Union was completely out of business and the Postal Company was the only company that managed to get a wire out of the city. About 10 o'clock even the postal was forced to suspend. Electric power was stopped and street cars did not run. Railroads and ferry boats ceased operations. Fires have been raging all day and the fire department has been powerless to do anything except dynamite buildings threatened. All day long explosives have shaken the city and added to the terror of the inhabitants.

NOT CONFINED TO CITY.

Following the first shock there was another within five minutes, but not near so severe. Three hours later there was another slight quake. Reports from districts outside of San Francisco indicate widespread damage. San Jose, 50 miles south, lost many buildings and from 15 to 20 persons were killed. The annex of the Vendome Hotel collapsed and fire broke out. Stanford University and Palo Alto suffered greatly. At Stanford many handsome buildings were demolished and two persons were killed. One of them was Julius Robert Hanna,

of Bradford, Pa., and the other was Atto Curtis, a fireman.

Six other students are lying in Palo Alto hospital with bruises, cuts and internal injuries. They are all California students.

The court house at Redwood City, and other buildings collapsed. Mention Park, Burlingame and other fashionable places suffered greatly.

The greatest destruction occurred in that part of the city which was reclaimed from San Francisco bay. Much of the devastated district was at one time low, marshy ground covered by water at high tide. As the city grew it became necessary to fill in many acres of this low ground in order to reach deep water.

The damage by the earthquake to the residence portion of the city, the finest of which is on Nob Hill and Pacific Heights, seems to have been slight.

RUSH OUT IN NIGHT CLOTHES.

The dreadful earthquake shock came without warning at precisely 5:13 o'clock this morning, its motion apparently being from east to west. At first the upheaval of the earth was gradual but in a few seconds it increased in intensity. Chimneys began to fall and buildings began to creak, tottering on their foundations. The people became panic-stricken and rushed into the streets, most of them in their night attire. They were met by showers of falling buildings, bricks, cornices and walls. Many were instantly crushed to death, while others were dreadfully mangled. Those who remained indoors generally escaped with their lives, though scores were hit by detached plaster, pictures and articles thrown to the floor by the shock. It is believed that more or less loss was sustained by nearly every family in the city.

A portion of the new city hall, which cost seven million dollars, collapsed, the roof sliding into the court yard and smaller towers tumbling down. The great dome was moved, but did not fall.

The new postoffice, one of the finest in the United States, was badly shattered.

The Valencia Hotel, a four story wooden building, sank into the basement a pile of splintered timbers, under which were pinned many dead and dying occupants of the house. The basement was full of water and some of the helpless victims were drowned.

Scarcely had the earth ceased to shake when fires broke out simultaneously in many places.

The burned district extends from the water front south of Market street to Market street and West Eleventh street, north of Market. The fire extends out Hayes and McAllister streets nearly to Fillmore and from the water front along Market to Montgomery and north from the water front to Montgomery street. Manufactories, hotels, wholesale houses and residences,

comprising the principal part of the business quarter, have been destroyed. The city hall, a structure costing \$7,000,000, was first wrecked by the earthquake, and then destroyed by fire. The Palace Hotel, value estimated at \$3,000,000, also burned. The beautiful Claus Spreckels building, at Third and Market street, was gutted. The Rialto building and dozens of other costly structures were also destroyed.

Commissioner E. Myron Wolfe announced at noon that the 80-odd fire insurance companies interested had decided to pay dollar for dollar to every one insured with them. The companies will not discriminate between fire and earthquake and every one insured will be paid to the extent of the loss. Only two of the companies affected are Pacific coast concerns, the others having principal offices in the East or in Europe and all will stand the loss without danger of failure.

REGULAR TROOPS TO SCENE.

At 9 o'clock this morning a thousand men from the Presidio arrived down town to patrol the city streets. The Thirteenth Infantry, 1,000 strong, arrived from Angel Island a little later, and went on patrol duty. The soldiers have been ordered to shoot down thieves caught in the act of robbing the dead and to guard with their lives the millions of dollars worth of property which has been placed in the streets that it may escape the ravages of the flames.

The First California Artillery, 2,000 strong, two companies, has been detailed to patrol duty on Ellis street. Two more companies are patrolling Broadway in the Italian section.

General Funston realized that stern measures were necessary and gave orders that looters were to be shot at sight. Four men were summarily executed before 3 o'clock this afternoon.

EARTHQUAKE'S FREAKS.

The freaks of the earthquake were many. Wide fissures were made in the streets, street railways were twisted out of line, sewers and water pipes were burst, and it is feared that there will be an epidemic of disease—Provisions are sold at fancy prices and even water is vended by the glass.

It is impossible to give a list of the dead and wounded, or even a list of the principal buildings.

LATER REPORT.

San Francisco, April 18.—At 10 o'clock to night the fire was unabated and thousands of people are fleeing to the hills and clamoring for places on the ferry boats to cross the bay.

The damage is now believed to have reached \$200,000,000 and 50,000 people are thought to be homeless.

It looks now as if the entire city would be burned.

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## "Wine is a Mockery; Strong Drink is Raging."

**An Earnest Plea for Temperance—Dangers of the Seductive Wine—Glass Emphasized.**

Mr. Editor: Allow me space in your valuable paper for a few lines. I can not use adequate language to express my feelings of hatred toward this giant monster. I wish that it was in my power to instill it into the minds of young men that wine is in reality a mockery. But they have become so blinded to this intarished truth, that notwithstanding the degradation and misery it brings to young manhood, it is raging with unwonted fury. If I could speak loud as the trumpet which is to waken the dead, I would call upon the young manhood of America and in all lands: awake, awake! put on thy strength, O man! and fight the demon that is sapping the very life-blood of true manhood and womanhood. A dull and careless way of urging our friends to reform will avail nothing. It may conceal a hypocrisy, or strengthen deception concerning our piety, but it will not move the God in man which prompts him to reform. Our friends know that we are not in earnest, and care little for it. But let us take hold of the matter in a spirit corresponding to the magnitude of the object to be secured, and there will be a movement.

Temper, if such should be my reader, is there not some loved one now pointing down from heaven and saying? "Beware of the wine glass." Reader, I have a sainted mother, and methinks I can see her gazing through the portals of heaven, down upon her mortal son, begging him to fight this raging curse, and not to add fuel by degrading his own manhood by the use of this accursed stuff—strong drink. If we are to associate with tipplers and gamblers, in the social circle, let us be serious without gloom, cheerful without levity. Let us conduct ourselves so that no man can pass one half an hour in our fellowship without feeling that he is breathing in an atmosphere of holiness, and living for the time on the verge of heaven. The cannonade of sin and wickedness is hushed and powerless before the fearless christian soldier who dares to do right, even though his life hangs in the balance.

Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to raise up such men in our day that can stand the test of time, though the tide of sin threatens the whole land, and degradation is spreading its vulture-like wings over the free institutions of our land, only waiting for the chance to reenact the scenes of the downfall of Rome; to crush the liberties gained by our fathers, to tear down our in-

stitutions, and to plunge the whole land into ignominious darkness. If I had the voice of thunder, I would cry out in agonizing tones. How long, O Lord, shall darkness brood over this realm? How long wilt thou suffer the tyranny of this demon?

Shall I picture to you the drunkard? He was a bright little boy, and the community had hopes of his becoming a great man. But, alas, how soon were those hopes to fade. In his home he drank his dram with father, and soon he became the best that can be said of the drunkard—a hog. This young man went from bad to worse, until one night in a drunken rage he killed his brother. He was sentenced to death, and his last words were, "Whisky did it." The last words of this doomed young man makes our heart ache, and we cry out to God: How long, how long shall our nation be crazed with rum? When, oh when will the American people wake up? Oh that the professed people of God would vote as they pray. What about the licensed saloon that deals out this poison that sends millions reeling and crazed with drink to hell? What about the multitudes of innocent people who are killed by inches and sacrificed to the god of rum? We protect and license a man who deals out death and destruction, and hang a man who gets drunk and kills his neighbor. Who is the most to blame, the young man who kills his brother under the influence of rum, or the saloon keeper who made him crazy, or the government that gave the saloon keeper license not only to make crazy, but to ruin soul and body? God help us to decide this question in the light of the coming judgment.

Let me draw another picture for you—the drunkard's wife. Oh, fair young woman, the queen that graces the humble cottage of man, think seriously before you blast your life as others have been blasted. We see the man who during her life caused her so much want and misery, go to her open grave and sob, "She was a good wife to me." O man, why not have told her so when her ears were not dulled by death? Now you would give worlds—were they yours to give—to see the tears of joy your words would once have caused bejeweling the closed windows of her soul. It is too late.

I long to see the day when America's veins will run dry of intoxicating drinks. Some of our towns think that with no dispensary, barroom or blind tiger they would be ruined. Rather let a thousand towns be spared from America's brow than that she should be given over to pillage and spoilage by a demon of the lowest hell.

I want to commend Lancaster county for the decided stand she has taken against this curse. But I am afraid that a lot of blind tigers is being sold. Let our officers as well as every citizen who loves peace and harmony, guard against these things. "O let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Tabernacle Section. G. R. C.